The Springs Glory,

A

MASKE.

Together

With ſundry *Poems, Epigrams, Elegies,* and *Epithalamiums.*

By THOMAS NABBES.

LONDON,
Printed by *I. Dawſon,* And are to be ſold at the ſigne of the *White-Lyon* and *Ball* in Saint PAULS Churchyard, 1639.

Optimæ ſpei Iuveni

Domino GVLIELMO BALLE,

filio natu majori

PETRI BALLE *Armigeri, amoris ergò, & obſervantiæ erga parentes, ſequentia poemata humillimè dedicat*

Thomas Nabbes.

V

7

To his intimate and learned friend Maſter THOMAS NABBES on his enſuing Poems.

LEt thoſe who to the world oft publiſh forth
Their owne deſerts, in prayſing others worth,
Throng for a roome; and pride themſelves to be
Ranck'd in the front of thy learn'd poeſie.
It ſhall ſuffice mee (who have never yet
Studied to humour others, nor have ſweat
Like ſome, two houres in plodding jeſts, which may
At the firſt ſight their authour's wits betray)
To have a meaner roome: for I nor come
To begge the reader mittigate thy doome;
Nor with intent to praiſe thy worke or thee:
For that would ſeeme a plaine Tautologie.
Thoſe, whoſe diviner ſoules *Phœbean* flame
Hath throughly kindled, ſuch as have a name
I'the liſt of *Phœbu's* darlings, will admire
The eager flames of thy poetique fire.
None will diſlike ought here, but ſuch dull things
Whoſe ſoules are out of tune; When *Phœbus* ſings
Some bayards will be bold to judge his ſtraine
Harſh and unpleaſing; yet applaud the vaine—
—Confuſed ſound of ſome hoarſe pipers voyce,
And ſay 'tis rare, and makes an excellent noyſe.
If that it chance ſome fancy not thy ſtraine
Th'are dull and ignorant; the wiſer traine
Will praiſe thee for't, and utter ſtill with fame
The often mention of thy honour d name.
Let critiques cenſure, and theſe lines condemne,
Secur d by thine owne bayes, their rage contemne.

C. G. Oxon.

To his honoured friend Master THOMAS NABBES.

HAd I the massie wealth of Cheops, *then*
I'de raise a Piramid unto thy pen
That should for State put downe the empty fame
Of Mausoleus *tombe, blot out the name*
The Sunnes Colossus *had in that same day*
When it bestrid the spatious Rhodian bay.
Let Momus *prate; thou art above him farre:*
The curre that barkes at, cannot hurt the starre.
But why should I presume? for mee to praise
Thy winged raptures, rhapsodies and layes
Were with darke Lanterne up and downe to runne,
And shew th'admiring world the glittring Sunne.

Robert Chamberlaine.

THE SPRINGS GLORY;

Within an Arch of agreeable workmanſhip, a Scæne of Winter preſents it ſelfe, the Trees and Earth covered with Snow, and in the middle thereof a proſpect of a faire houſe as the Manſion of Chriſtmaſſe.

Venus and *Cupid* deſcend.

Venus.

WIthout good meat and drinke muſt *Venus* freeze?
Muſt I derive my flames and my deſire
From *Ceres* and from *Bacchus*? ſhall the fire
That burnes in hearts, and payes me ſolemne rites
Kindle from fulneſſe and gorg'd appetites?
It ſhall not Sonne. Learne of thy Sea-borne mother
Never to borrow power from any other.
The vertue that's our owne, who dares to claime?
Are not both Gods and men by thy ſure ayme,
When at their boſomes thou direct'ſt a Dart,
Wounded with paſſion paſt the cure of art?

Did not the god of Medicine himſelfe want;
(When he was ſtruck by thee) a ſoveraigne plant
To heale his hurt? nor did it rancor by
Abundance of choyce cates and luxurie?
'Twas meerely thy effect. Why then ſhould we
To *Ceres* or to *Bacchus* deity
Aſſigne our rights?

Cupid.

In part we muſt; for they
Are aiders in our worke, and therefore may
Share in the attributes of power. If wine
Did not the ſpirits and the bloud refine,
Making them warme and active, I ſhould throw
My ſhafts at rocks of ice, and from my Bow
The winged arrows of deſire would flie
With empty and ſucceſleſſe battery.
If *Ceres* bounties flow'd not, where ſhould I
Find any flame to light my torches by?
Fulneſſe and eaſe aſſiſt me more then all
The helpes I have beſides.

Venus.

And therefore ſhall
They be preferr'd? Thou art a fooliſh boy.
Their baſe effects are luſt; they love to joy
In what is ſenſuall onely. Our pure heate
Borrowes no activeneſſe from drinke or meate;
It moves more in the ſoule. God *Bacchus* ſhall
Have his due attributes, and *Ceres* call
The plough, crookt ſickle, flayle and many more
Her owne admir'd inventions, and the ſtore
Shee gathers for mens uſe. But ſhould the mind
Make theſe her only objects, what a blind

And dangerous iſſue of effects would grow
From ſuch a ſeed! high ſpirits ſtrive to know
More then a common eye ſees, and aſpire
Still upwards like the Piramide of fire,
When earth tends to its centre. We muſt move
More then the ſenſe; elſe 'tis not perfect love.

To them Ceres *and* Bacchus.

Here's *Ceres* and *Lyæus*.

Ceres.

Wee are told
By *Maia's* ſonne that you intend to ſcould
With me and *Bacchus*.

Venus.

I have cauſe to chide.
You'ld rob me of my titles, and beſide
Make it a gluttons tenent, there can be
No love without you.

Ceres.

And your Deity
Hath ſummond us for this: 'tis very good.
I muſt confeſſe you made your father wood
To raviſh faire *Europa*. Having ſeene
Traynes of Arcadian Virgins on the greene
Tread their chaſte meaſures, or with nimble pace
Through the *Parthenian* groves, and thickets chace
A well-breath'd Stagge, one of them ſtraight-wayes muſt
Be tempted to her ruine by his luſt:
And this employment *Venus* ſtill is thine.

Venus.

Ceres is madd ſtill for her *Proſerpine:*
Whoſe rape hath made her queene of the Abyſſe:
Who to be ſo rewarded would not kiſſe
The blacke lips of hells king? and to his bed
Bring the ſhort pleaſures of a Maydenhead?
Repine not at it then.

Ceres.

I muſt whilſt day
Hath any light, or heavens bright eye a ray.
It was your ſonnes great act to boaſt of; he
That ſuffers not th'infernals to goe free
Of his diſeaſes.

Bacchus.

Rather *Ceres* mine:
For if the God had never taſted wine,
Not all the heate of his infernall fire
Could e're have thaw'd him into one deſire;
Or kindled the leaſt flame in his cold breſt
Without my vertue.

Venus.

'Tis an idle jeſt.
Doth *Bacchus* thinke he can with heate of wine
Light the bright flame of love, that is divine,
And burnes not from ſuch cauſes, but takes fire
From th'elementall part of pure deſire
Unmixt with groſſneſſe? Thy effects are foule;
And motions of the ſenſe, not of the ſoule.
Subſcribe then to our power; my ſonne and I
Muſt have the attributes.

Ceres,

Cerês.

Let him lay by
His quiver rather. *Cerês* meanes to be
The Queene of Love, and *Bacchus* deity
Include all that is *Cupids*.

Venus.

First I'le leave
To be immortall, and my selfe bereave
Of all that I can claime above the skye,
Or under heavens archt roofe, if destiny
May give it confirmation. Take a Dart
And ayme it at her proud imperious heart
To shew in thy revenge what thou canst do.

Cupid.

I must not Mother. Wee'le referr it to
Another tryall, and if *Bacchus* can
Confirme what he so saucily began
To argue, by example, wee'le deny
Nothing that's due unto his deity.

Bacchus.

Content.

To them Christmasse *and* Shrovetide *Enter.*

Christmas *is personated by an old reverend Gentleman in a furr'd gowne and cappe, &c. And* Shrovetide *by a fat Cooke with a frying-pan, &c.*

And see occasion hath comply'd
Even with our wish. It cannot be deny'd
But these share both our bounties; have free use
Of all our gifts: and if you'le not refuse
A tryall from them——

Venus.

Venus.

Let them ſpeake, whil'ſt we
To their diſpoſe referre the victory.

Shrovetide.

I ſay *Chriſtmas* you are paſt date, you are out of the Almanack. Reſigne, reſigne. Let the Oven give place to the Frying-pan, and Mince-pies yeild ſuperiority to pancakes and Fritters.

Chriſtmas.

Reſigne to thee! I that am the King of good cheere and feaſting, though I come but once a yeare to raigne over bak't, boyled, roaſt, and plum-porridge, will have being in deſpight of thy lard-ſhip. Thou art but my fagge-end, and I muſt ſtill be before thee.

Shrovetide.

But thou wilt never be before-hand. Thou art a prodigall *Chriſtmas*; and *Shrovetide* hath ſeene thee many times in the Poultry.

Chriſtmas.

Doſt ſcorne my liberality, thou raſty bacon, tallow-faced ſcullion? Though thou be as fat as a Flemming, I'le have *Lent* choke thee with a red-herring.

Shrovetide.

I'le arme my ſelfe for that. In three dayes I can victuall my garriſon for ſeven weekes: and it ſhall goe hard but I will domineere in *Lent* deſpite of the thin-chapt ſurgeon that makes men skillitons.

Chriſtmas.

Christmas.

As how?

Shroveside.

At any Noblemans house, I can licke my fingers in a privy kitchin. Though I bee out of commons in the hall, there's flesh to be had sometimes in a chamber besides a Landresse. The very three-penny ordinary will keepeme in an upper gallery, and I can be invisible even in the pye-house. Should all faile, the wenches I got with child shall long, and have the Philistians ticket.

Christmas.

Thou get children!

Shroveside.

Yes more then *Christmas*, and better too: for thine are all unthrifts, whores, or murderers. Thy sonne *In and in*, undid many a Citizen. Thou hast a Daughter called my *Ladyes hole*, a filthy black slut shee is; and *Put* is common in every Bawdy house. 'Tis thought *Noddy* was none of thine owne getting, but an Aldermans, that in exchange cuckolded thee, when thou wast a Courtier. Thou hast one sonne bred up in the Country called *Christmas gambolls*, that doth nothing but breake mens necks; and many more that would undoe the Common-wealth, were it not for the Groome porter.

Christmas.

Dost see these firrah?

Shroveside.

Shrovetide.

Ceres and *Bacchus*: I am their worshipper. Were Stewes tolerated, and *Venus* the Grand Bawd of them, without good meate and drinke, your young Factors would never be able to breake their Masters or Mistresses, nor your shee-silke-worme in Cheape carve a button for her foreman.

Ceres.

Venus being overcome, I hope will yeeld.
Now shee is vanquisht in the open field,
And her weake forces scatter'd: nor can they
Gather new head to make a second fray.

To them Lent *enters.*

Hee is figur'd in a leane Man, his habit like trouses, and what other anticke devices may be thought proper.

Venus.

Yes: with this champion; and his fresh supply
I'le wage new warre, and call backe victory.

Shrovetide.

This leane thin-gut starveling, begot by a Spaniard, and nurst at the lower end of Friday-street.

Lent.

Why thou *Hellno* of hennes and bakon, thou larderhouse of collops and egges; thou that makest the kitchin proclaime its

its employment through the neighbourhood, with the sent of thy Lard and crumpets, what canst thou boast of?

Christmas.

Children, children, thou parcht starveling: thou canst get nothing but Anatomies.

Lent.

Children! I get more (I maintaine not their lawfulnesse) then *Christmas* and *Shrovetide*. Oh the vertue of Oysters, Lobsters, Sturgeon, Anchoves, & Caveary. Why thou grout-headed bladder, puft with the windinesse of pared apples coffered in batter: for every Brawne or hogge, either *Christmas* or thy selfe have demolisht; I have a thousand Herrings, despight of the Dutchmens wastfull theft, let them rob the foure Seas never so often. Besides, I couple more then the Parson of *Pancrace*: I meane City woodcocks, with Suburb-wagtailes.

Christmas.

Thou couple?

Lent.

Who more? Is not S. *Valentines* day mine? are not Codds mine, thou codds-head, and Maides mine? put them together thou wilt find they are things—

Shrovetide.

Thou art a thing of emptinesse, and *Lent* was ever a Iack by conversion.

Lent.

Such a lack as can come aloft, and doe *Venus* more credit then thy fulneſſe. Doe not I ſhare of *Aries*, *Taurus*, and *Gemini*; the Innes I lye at in my progreſſe. Yet no cuckold can deny but *Aries* and *Taurus* ſhould follow *Gemini*. And it follows, or ſhould, that I having two fathers my ſelfe, ſhould get moſt children.

Chriſtmas.

Who were thy fathers prethee?

Lent.

Devotion and *Pollicy*; and I have begotten *Hipocriſie* on a holy ſiſter, that deſpight of all Informers would have fleſh, her belly full. Let *Chriſtmas* and *Shrovetide* eate and drinke; I'le be for *Venus*, though I feed upon nothing but herring-cobbs.

Venus.

Who's now the conquerour? Will *Ceres* now
Subſcribe unto my power? and *Bacchus* bow
To *Cupids* awefull ſtrength?

Ceres.

Not till it is
Confirm'd by better evidence then his.

Lent.

Then mine; Obſerve.

Here

The Springs glory.

Here the Scæne ſuddenly changeth into a Proſpect, with trees budded, the earth ſomewhat greene, and at one ſide an old Barne, out of which iſſues a company of beggars, with a Bag-pipe.

See you theſe good fellowes, that preferre the warme Sunne, before the ſcrapps which niggardly *Chriſtmas* and *Shrovetide* feaſt them with; and would get a better race under a hedge to people *New England*, then the Seperatiſts that poſſeſſe it. Whilſt they entertaine yee, Ile ſummon the *Spring*, and ſhe ſhall moderate.

The Beggars dance. *Exeunt.*

After the dance, is heard the chirping of birds; and whilſt the following Song is ſinging, the Scæne againe changeth into a pleaſant Arbour, in which the Spring in a greene robe wrought over with flowers preſents her ſelfe.

The Song.

See, ſee a Metamorphoſis,
The late gray field now verdant is.
The Sun with warme beames glads the earth,
And to the ſpringing flowers
He gives a new and lively birth
By th' ayde of gentle ſhowres.
The Lambes no longer bleate for cold,
Nor cry for ſuccour from the old:
But friske and play with confidence
Like Emblemes of true innocence.

Chorus.

The cheerefull birds their voyces ſtraine.
The Cuckow's hoarſe for want of raine.

The Springs glory.

The Nightingale doth ſweetly ſing,
To welcome in the joyfull Spring.

Spring.

Thus breake my gloryes forth that late lay hid
Within the icye earth, and were forbid
By Winters nipping cold to ſhow their heads
Above the ſnowy covering of their beds.
The winds not rugged now, but calme and fayre,
Sweepe flowry Gardens, and perfume the ayre.
The woods ſhrill Choriſters (whoſe frozen throtes
Late wanted motion,) now have found their notes;
Strayning their little organes to ſound high,
And teach men art from Natures harmony.
Come you to welcome me?

Ceres.

Yes lovely Maid;
And to have judgement from you, who moſt aide
In Loves great worke.

Spring.

Is there a ſtrife betweene
The goddeſſe of deſire, and plenties Queene?
Will they ſubſcribe, Ile moderate.

All.

Content.

Spring.

Firſt heare my reaſons; then my ſentence: bent
'Gainſt neithers honours; for I muſt comply
With both as vertues. *Venus* Deity

Is powerfull over all; and *Ceres* gives
Each that hath being that by which he lives.
Yet many times exceſſe perverts the end
Of pure intentions; and extreames extend
Their powers to undoe thoſe acts are free
In their owne natures from impuritie.
Love ought to be *Platonick*, and Divine;
Such as is onely kindled, and doth ſhine
With beames, that may all darke effects controule
In the refin'd parts of the glorious ſoule.
Men doe abuſe your gifts, when they delight
Onely to pleaſe their ſenſuall appetite,
And heat the bloud from fulneſſe; whence there growes
No perfect love, but ſuch as onely knowes
The courſeſt difference, and therefore muſt
Preſume to owne no other name but luſt.
In me let Temperance teach you to apply
Things to their beſt ends; and to rectifie
All motions that intend effects, beſide
What may runne cleere and currant with the tide
Of pureſt love: in which let all your jarres
Be reconcil'd, and finiſh your ſterne warres.

All.

Thus we embrace in peace.

Spring.

And I the *Spring*
Will lead a moderate meaſure. Chirpers ſing
Your choyſeſt ayres; and as our eares they greet,
Vnto the Muſicke we'le apply our feet.

The Spring *leades them a meaſure; after which they retire backe to the Scæne.*

Epilogue.

That of all the ſeaſons am the leaſt,
Though firſt in time, and uſher in the reſt,
Impart my pleaſures freely, but deſire
You'le not abuſe them with exceſſe. My quire
Shall ſing as every faire one doth become
A chaſte Bride, her *Epithalamium*.
Though they are ſhort be pleas'd with theſe, to you
I yearely will returne and bring you new.

The Spring being received into the Scene it cloſeth.

The end.

An Encomium on the leaden Steeple at Worcester, repayred after a long time of neglect in the yeare 1628. by the then Deane, who is now the right Reverend, and right Honourable the Lord Bishop of London, *and Lord high Treasurer of* England.

IF e're the *Thespian* Maidens did inspire
A breath of raptures warm'd with sacred fire,
Let them assist. And you whose songs have rays'd
Their fames above their ruines, and so prays'd
Th' Ægyptian *Pyramis*; The Delian Fane;
Th' Ephesian Temple holy to *Diane*;
With *Romes* vast wonder; *Mausoleus* shrine;
The Sunnes *Colossus*; thus to make them shine
In their dead ashes, may your *Genij*
Passe all by transmigration into me.
But chiefly thou blest * Saint, now made divine,
Crown'd with rewards of glory, sweetly shine
On these submissive vowes. Let me invite
Thy holy freenesse to accept the mite
Of his devotion, who doth onely show
His will to pay what thousands abler owe.
And thou rare fabrick, who dost comprehend
Proportions beauty in a perfect end
Of all her elements, which formed stand
On thy *octædra* base, let no black hand
Blot out thy name; for thou deserv'st the skill
Of all that ever climb'd the Muses hill.
Since thy *Hæna's* strength for many an age
Hath conquer'd stormes, and the impetuous rage

* The Founder canonized for his sanctity.

Of

Of burning ayre, whilſt others fatall ends
Have taught prevention to their widow'd friends,
I'le ſing thy fame; and tell the * Northerne ſpye
That would have rais'd himſelfe by beggery
From thy lamented duſt: that tooke ſuch cares
How into rounds he might convert thy ſquares,
Tranſgreſſing thus a Geometrick rule,
He prov'd himſelfe a true proportion'd fule.
When from thy altitude I doe ſurvey
The diſtant riſings of th'unequall way
That leads beyond perceptions watry eye;
Th'exalted mountaines joyning to the skie:
The confluence of ſo many various beames
Doe drowne my ſeeing organes with their ſtreames,
And ſtupifie the ſenſe. Sometimes againe
I view the ſubject regions; when my braine
With a *vertigo* labours; and doth runne
Beyond all comprehenſion, 'till the Sunne
Seemes to decline, and with his golden chin
To kiſſe thy bowle, and fixe himſelfe therein.
When freed from this confuſion I deſcend
To contemplate thy wonders, every end
Gives new beginning to a ſecond birth
Of artfull prodigies to fright the earth:
And make thy forme ſeeme a demonſtrative
Of thoſe *Platonick* worlds in number five;
Containing angles infinite in ſhew
As thoſe ſmall puncts, from whoſe concretion grow
What elſe may be divided. Let ſuch dreames
(Rays'd from opinions fancie) be the theames
Of their fanatick founders; whilſt to thee
I attribute no immortality,
As part of what muſt periſh: ſuch a trick
Would make me ſeeme a wilfull heretick
'Gainſt Natures doctrine, and debaſe thy glory
By falſe alluſions. Rather ſhall thy ſtory

* One that begged the Steeple to have ſold the timber and lead; which was oppoſed by the Citizens.

Be drawne from what thou art: a perfect frame
To figure out the greatneſſe of his name,
That did at thy erection juſtifie
By miracles his bleſſed * ſanctitie.
A pile exalted ſtands thy bulke within,
(Which doth uphold thy ſuperficiall skin)
Of conſecrated Oakes: Olympian *Iove*
Had none ſo faire in's *Dodonean* grove.
In theſe each regularitie doth deſigne
By a tranſverſe, or a perpending line
Some principle of Art; which ſhewes the eye
Of underſtanding what's Geometrie.
As thou doſt climbe thy forme contracts each ſide
Into a point, which makes a Pyramide:
And then a Globe corrects thy high aſcent
From joyning with the ſirie element,
Fearing your correſpondence. There doth ſit
The watchfull Cock (of care an Embleme fit)
To guard thee from ſurprizals, and to ſhow
From what bad coaſt the envious windes doe blow;
Who with their batteries have aſſayl'd thee long;
And would enforce thy chaſtitie (though ſtrong)
To a baſe proſtitution; and unite
Thee with thy * ſiſter ſteeple by their might
In fatall ruines. But thy conqueſts prove
Time hath beene kinder: and (for age may love
Faire beauties, raiſing heates from cold deſires)
He meanes to claſpe thee in his lateſt fires.
Thy * ponderous outſide now weighes downe my skill,
Though it ſuſteine it ſelfe. Some learned will
Diſpos'd it ſo for feare the weight might crack
The earths ſtrong axletree, or ſinewed back.
So had our glory with the reſt beene loſt;
And all in new confuſion had beene toſt:
Unleſſe thy beauty once againe might move
A reconcilement by the power of Love

* At the building thereof a workman falling from aloft lay for dead: Whom the Founder paſſing by revived and made whole by praying over him. Recorded in the window of the Cloiſter.

* A ſteeple joyning to it, upon which it ſeem'd to bee falling.

* The outſide being all lead.

That he might thee enjoy. But why in vaine
Doe I dilate what's greater then the ſtraine
Of my weake powers; ſince what I ſo deſire
To comprehend I onely can admire.
Yet I will be thy champion to defend
Thy fame againſt oppoſers, and contend
With * thoſe that Satyre thee; that vainly ſpend
Their froth collections for the hated end
Of ſcorne and laughter, and neglect to pay
Their talents lent them by the King of day.
And though * ſome lately ſtrove to ruſt thee more
Then times continuance ever did before.
Vertue hath ſent good ſpirits from her clime
Who will preſerve thee to the length of time:
Repayre thy breaches, and adorne thy brow;
And make thee ſhine againe to us below.
And for theſe vowes which I have payd thy worth,
Oh might I begge, that when my ſoule goes forth
Of this foule earth, to climbe above thy head,
And that the reſt be reckoned with the dead,
Thou wouldſt preſerve my duſt within thy wombe:
So ſhould poore *Irus* have a *Celſus* tombe.

* Some that writ baſe libels upon it.

* The repayring thereof neglected, till the Deanes comming thither.

Vpon

Upon the loſing of his way in a Forreſt parting from his company to goe home, towards the evening.

YOu that have ever wander'd in the darke,
And thinking to hit home, ſtill miſt the marke,
Liſten, whilſt to the world I doe relate
A ſad diſaſter, which the will of Fate
Diſpos'd me to through error. Gently blew
The murmuring winds, and where th'earths ſweetneſſe grew,
It ſcatter'd choyce perfumes: which did invite
To ſatisfie our ſenſes appetite
My ſelfe and others. Th'inſtrument of heate
Cloth'd in his glory, from his azure ſeate
Directed cheerefull beames. So forth we went
To ſuck the purer ayre, and Southward bent
Our wanton courſe: when ſpungie clowds began
(As if the Sunne had ſqueez'd them) to drop raine.
This made us to retire: by which we ſee
All things are ſubject to incertaintie.
The golden treſſed ruler of the day
Had now for his bright beames made open way.
Our number then increaſt, and ſo together
We journied with delight; but knew not whether.
A houſe at length did entertaine us, where
We dranke no *Engliſh* Ale, nor *German* Beere,
Nor *Welch* Metheglin; having ſtay'd a while
A * pleaſant juyce was brought, made us beguile
Time with more words then matter. Weary now
And ſurfeited with pleaſures, haſt did blow
The ſayles of my deſires, nor would I ſtay
For any guide to teach me loſe my way.

* Perry.

Vpon the loſing of his way in a Forreſt, &c.

Th'inflating liquor having made me blind,
I that came in before went out behind.
Here Error firſt began the Tragick jeſt:
I tooke the North for South, the Eaſt for Weſt.
Darkneſſe increaſt; and night the ayde to harmes
Hugg'd the worlds fabrick in her Ebon armes.
When (oh the fate of darkneſſe) 'cauſe 'twas night;
Or miſled by that Error, or ſome ſprite;
Or the conceited miſchiefe which men call
The king of *Fairies* Poaſt; or whether all
Had met in counſaile to contrive my harme;
Or witcht to't by ſome other envious charme;
I miſt the path, ſtraying through unknowne places;
And alwayes backwards went with forward paces.
Oh thou that art my lifes commanding light
Th'aſcendent in my birth, was it thy might:
And powerfull influence did direct my will
To be the better meanes of a worſe ill?
And * *Hermes* thou whoſe underſtanding eye
Sees all the ſecrets of Phyloſophie;
Thou cunning Moule that knowſt to worke thy way
Through thickeſt myſteries to the cleereſt day
Of radiant knowledge, was not this dayes fate
Writ in thy booke of Moones predeſtinate
For griefe and danger? Yes, thou knew'ſt 'twas writ;
And by prevention couldſt have hindred it.
But 'twas my error onely: had ſhe ſhone
I ſhould have read it plainly in the Moone:
For ſuch thy powerfull art is, it can bind
The ſtarres in characters to ſpeake thy mind.
Now being thus from loving friends divided
Into a deſart Forreſt was I guided,
Where horrour did preſent a thouſand feares,
But none of meeting Lyons, Wolves, or Beares.
Yet there were divers beaſts; and never a one
But I would have beene glad to feed upon.

* An Aſtrologer in the company that maintained a *nuncius inanimatus* to bee effected by the beames of the Moone, and many other ridiculous things.

Yet

Yet my ſharpe hunger I was forc't to brooke:
Unleſſe the divell there was ne're a cooke.
And here ſome thoughts of him made me ſuppoſe
That every tree I ſaw had cloven toes.
And when I ſpy'd the glimpſes of a hill,
I durſt have ſworne that walkt, and I ſtood ſtill.
A *Salamander* I did oft expect;
A *Pigmie* or a *Sylvan* to direct
My knowledge to ſome treaſure: but my mind
Was vainly bent on what I ne're could find.
My friends that now had miſt me, ſcatterdly
Were gone abroad with lights to ſearch for me.
But all in vaine: their ſhowtes I did miſtake
For Owles; and thought each light a flaming Drake.
So that by ſhunning of their guidance thus
I prov'd my ſelfe the *ignis fatuus*.
Meeting a ragged colt, I fear'd the elfe;
And then I thought 'twas time to bleſſe my ſelfe.
But every thing I met with ranne away
As if I were a greater ſprite then they.
Arm'd with a mighty ſtaffe, but patience none,
In ſilent language I began to moane
My ſad miſhap; which could not anſwer'd be
By any there, but with like ſilencie.
But ow at length it wonne my cruell fate
To be a little more compaſſionate.
Hearing a dogge barke I lift up mine eye
When through the foggy ayre I could deſcrye
A ragged chimney, and a roofe that had
Two truſſe of ſtraw upon't: this made me glad.
He that this weather-beaten Manſion own'd
Being newly gone to bed, ſweet ſlumbers crown'd
His labour with ſound reſt: the fire was then
Newly put out; for had it burning beene,
Mixt with the noyſe of hammers, who can tell
But that I might have taken it for hell.

* A Smiths houſe.

Onely the doores were fast, and *Hilax* voyce
Was a shrill treble, not a hellish noyse
Like *Cerberus*. By this arriv'd, I heard
The people snorting: Then I greatly fear'd
A sharpe repulse. But using gentle words,
With, Friend I am a servant of my Lords,
I enter'd; where the rest of night I nested,
And m'almost tired spirits warmly rested.
And after *Chanticleere* had summond day
I payd some thankes, and homewards hit my way.
And sure 'twas left behind; else in this fit
'Twas ten to one but I had lost my wit.

Vpon

Vpon excellent ſtrong Beere which he dranke at the Towne of Wich *in* Worceſter *ſhire where Salt is made.*

THou ever youthfull god of wine,
Whoſe burniſht cheekes with rubiés ſhine;
And browes with ivye chaplets crown'd,
Wee dare thee here to pledge a round.
Thy wanton grapes we doe deteſt:
Here's richer juyce from barly preſt.
Let not the *Muſes* vainly tell
What vertue's in the horſe-hoofe well,
That ſcarce one drop of good blood breeds,
But with meere inſpiration feeds:
Oh let them come and taſt this Beere,
And water hence-forth they'le forſweare.
If that the *Paracelſian* crew
The vertues of this liquor knew,
Their endleſſe toyles they would give o're,
And never uſe extractions more.
'Tis Medicine; meate for young and old;
Elixir; bloud of tortur'd gold.
It is ſublim'd; it's calcinate;
'Tis rectified; precipitate:
It is *Androgena Sols* wife;
It is the *Mercury* of life.
It is the quinteſcence of Malt;
And they that drinke it want no Salt,
It heales; it hurts; it cures; it kills:
Mens heads with proclamations fils.
It makes ſome dumbe, and others ſpeake;
Strong veſſels hold, and crack't ones leake.
It makes ſome rich, and others poore.
It makes, and yet marres many a ſcore.

On

On a black ſpeck in forme of a ſtarre under a faire Ladies eye.

WHat prodigie is this to fright
The well-pleas'd ſenſe from its delight?
To ſee a Starre whoſe light is turn'd
Into ſad black, as if it mourn'd:
When plac'd in ſuch a heaven, where
Nothing but gladneſſe can appeare.
'Tis *Merope*, who yet doth hide
Her glory being ſtellified.
And bluſhing at her mortall choyce
When all her ſiſters doe rejoyce
By Gods embrac't, hath left the skie
To ſteale more luſtre from this eye.
But comming neere that globe of light,
By chance the lids cloſe in the ſight,
And ſo prevent the theft, whereby
Shee is ecclipſt eternally.
Nor will ſheeevermore in heaven
Be ſeene to make the number ſeven.
Onely if this fayre one were
But fixt a conſtellation there
Whence ſhee deſcended, 'twere a grace
To be a darke ſtarre on that face
Above the other ſixe we ſee
Shine on the Monſters crooked knee.

An Elegie on the death of the hopefull Mr. WILLIAM ROBERTS, *aged* 11.

Sonne to the Worſhipfull NICHOLAS ROBERTS *Eſquire.*

WHat ſubject hath Death brought for my ſad Muſe
To practiſe art, and ſorrow on? to uſe
(Her lightſome layes, & ſpritefull ayres lay'd by)
Some mixture of Cromatick harmonie:
Tis a ſad ſubject, and requires each tone
And cadence to be finiſht in a groane.
Words ſuch as we from griefe can onely heare,
Strayning the heart-ſtrings that reſtraine them there.
Tis a ſad ſubject now, that living might
Have beene an equall object of delight
With any one that fancy could deviſe
To pleaſe the inward, or the outward eyes.
A youth in whoſe ſweet face each grace did dwell,
As if there were their *Acidalian* well:
And that they left *Boetias* cooling ſtreames
To warme their naked beauties in his beames.
A youth whoſe colours, ſymetrie and eye
Made up a forme to paint a *Cupid* by.
Yet (gainſt the tenent) Natures livelier part
Should ſtill excell the workmanſhip of art.
A youth whoſe fayre and glorious mind became
The Manſion of all vertues that have name.
And by his inclination did expreſſe
More age in's youth, then manyes age poſſeſſe.
But now Deaths aſhye hand hath chang'd the hew
Of thoſe bright cheekes where Roſes lately grew:

And triumphs o're his earth, that yet will be
In ſpight of Fate more conquerour then he.
Come *Libitina* then; deck thy ſad browes
With wreathes of funerall Yough, and Cypreſſe boughes.
Command thy flaming altars to be dreſt
With ſpice ſtolne from a dying *Phenix* neſt.
Let every teare that falls upon his urne
Into a Pearle (and that moſt orient) turne,
'Till they have rais'd a pile, whoſe coſtly frame
May make forgotten *Manſoleums* name.
But why ſhould empty wiſhes thus be ſpent?
His corpes enough enrich his monument.
And the long ſacred clay is hallowed more
By holding of his reliques, then before.
You then whom nature, or reſpects doe tye
T'expreſſe affection by the outward eye
Weepe not for's loſſe ſo much, ſince it hath given
A ſhrine more to the earth, a Saint to heaven.

An Epigramme on an old unhandsome, yet lustfull woman; Who was discovered to weare drawers of black taffata.

THe divel's in't: did ever Witch
In mourning cloth her wrinckled breech?
Vnlesse the *Incubus* were dead
That had her wither'd maydenhead?
Why that part veil'd? the face left free,
That hath no lesse deformitie?
A pox on both, the reason's smelt:
Shee'd have one seene, the other felt.
That neither sense into mislike might grow,
Though she be light, she keepes all darke below.

On a faire Lady, whom a meane Gentleman hearing her ſing, and play, fell in love with.

I'M ſure in heaven. No mortall eare
Did ever ſuch ſweet Muſicke heare.
A voyce as if each raviſhing note
Were reliſht from an Angels throte.
Apply'd to cordes are ſtrooke ſocleere,
As if each finger mov'd a ſpheare.
So full expreſſing every part,
That concord need no other art.
Beſides, my inſtruments of ſight
Are dazzell'd with a glorious light.
The Sun's but ſhaddow to her eye;
And day more darke then midnights skye.
Yet midſt this heaven there is a hell:
The ſpice ſhe breathes I may not ſmell.
Nor dare to quench my longing ſipp
One drop of Nectar from her lipp.
Nor touch her hand; much leſſe what's hidden,
And by a ſtricter law forbidden.
But might I purge my earth to move
In her high orbe ſo farre above
My pitch of flight; or but aſpire
To rarifie it with her fire,
I'de in a perfect heaven be
In ſpight of my mortalitie.

An

An Epithalamium on the hopefull happy Mariage of Master BVRLACYE, *and Mistris* ALICE BANKES *married in December.* 1637.

VP grey-ey'd morning, combe thy golden hayre,
And with thy blushes staine the freckled ayre.
Rouse the forgetfull Sunne from *Thetis* bed,
And bid him shake the tresses on his head;
That flames of light may usher in his way,
And give beginning to a glorious day.
Vpon the God of Unions altars see
What piles are kindled of rich spicery.
As when the *Phenix* in her pregnant death
Expires her soule with her *Panchaian* breath:
Me thinkes th'art lazie *Phebus*. If thou please
To dwell so long with our *Antipodes*,
Remaine there still: thy radiance wee'le supply
With brighter beames shot from the Brides faire eye:
That shall create a day where thy light failes
In darkest bottomes of *Cimmerian* vales:
And through all seasons their effects dispence
Above the power of thy weake influence.
December shall translate himselfe to *May*,
And with the Summers sweetes checker her away.
And 'tis his hope her lasting course will bring
A change in time for him to lead the Spring.
The Northerne ayre that mov'd with waving ice
Melted, as if 'twould quench the sacrifice,
And clowd the dayes pompe. But from those cold showres
Shall grow new issues of most fragrant flowres,
Warm'd into life, and taking perfect birth
Where her soft steps doe fructifie the earth.

As ſhee doth paſſe the birds ſhall ſtreine their throtes,
And beate the ayre with artificiall notes,
Forgetting wildneſſe. Yea, ſad *Philomel*
Shall ceaſe the ſtory of her fate to tell,
And tune delightfull ayres, ſuch as are ſong
To Victorie by a triumphing throng.
Now Sir to meet your joyes, your ſelfe addreſſe,
Cloth'd in the glory of a happineſſe,
Which beauty, chaſtitie, and conſtant love
Make abſolute, and is confirm'd above.
Take to your ſoft embraces a pure frame
Where all the vertues dwell that have a name.
When every ſenſe is fill'd, in them you'le find
Endleſſe delights to feaſt th'immortall mind.
Being poſſeſt of all that chaſt deſire
Can warme your active ſoules to with his fire,
Enjoy them without change: to ſuch as you
The repetition will preſent them new.
Whilſt all mens zealous wiſhes are to ſee
Thoſe pleaſures bleſt in a poſteritie.

On a Miſtreſſe of whoſe affection hee was doubtfull.

WHat though with figures I ſhould raiſe
Above all height my Miſtreſſe praiſe;
Calling her cheeke a bluſhing roſe,
The faireſt Iune did e're diſcloſe.
Her forehead Lillies, and her eyes
The luminaries of the skies.
That on her lippes *Ambroſia* growes,
And from her kiſſes *Nectar* flowes:
Too great hyperboles; unleſſe
Shee loves me, ſhee is none of theſe.
But if her heart, and her deſires
Doe anſwer mine with equall fires,
Theſe attributes are then too poore.
Shee is all theſe, and ten times more.

An Elegie on a lovely young child drown'd at London *Bridge, in the yeare* 1335.

WHere's funerall Goddesse? why doth she delay
The solemne rites belong to this sad day?
Slights she so small a Herse? will she denie
The dues belong to every memorie?
Come and attend them, whence thou shalt derive
A glory great as Fate did ever give
Thy last respected Deity: shalt have
As much true honour by his little grave.
As if it were some great *Colossus* tombe
Swelling a Mountaine from the earths stretcht wombe.
And thou unruly streame that didst deprive
His parents of their chiefest joy alive,
What sinne of his made thee the instrument
And meanes, of such a seeming punishment?
His innocence ne're tempted heaven; his face
Might move some wanton God to an embrace.
Which makes me thinke thy amorous *Genens* might
Attempt him from us for his Catamite.
If so, you were good waters, and doe winne
Eternall songs for hindring such a sinne.
But this sufficeth not. Eyes flow amaine,
As if they meant to drowne him once againe.
Or fearing you asham'd of what y'have done
Should into *Neptunes* boundlesse bosome runne,
To hide your selves leaving the channell dry,
Their floud of teares should that defect supply.
Or else congeal'd to Pearles, a shrine should be
To keepe his ashes, and his memory.

A PRESENTATION

Intended for the Prince his Highneſſe

on his Birth-day the 29 of May, 1638.
annually celebrated.

A Curtaine being drawne, an Ale-houſe is diſcovered, out of which Time *drives certaine ignorant, and yet Great undertaking Almanack-makers.*

Time.

AND muſt I ſtill be vext! ſhall my gray age
Be play'd upon, as if I were a Page
To your fond Art, not Nature: did not live
But by the ſtipend which you yearely give.
Your owne's but fourty ſhillings, and that price
Bindes you to order me by ſage advice
With *Ticho Brach*, and *Ptolomy*, ſo farre
You dare out-doe a learn'd *Albumazar*.
And with Predictions cheat the faith of men,
That make your bookes their gods; and from your raigne
Or drought foretold inhaunce the price of graine,
This is the end of your high practiſe.

I. *Alm.*

Wee
Doe all by juſt rules of Aſtrologie.

Time.

Starre-gazing idiots, you Astrologers!
That understand not what the name inferres.
You have not enough Grammar to conceive
The words true Etymon; and therefore leave
Your vaine replies, lest I apply them to
Another use.

2. *Alm.*

What would *Time* have us doe?

Time.

Not fright credulitie with this yeares wonders;
Eclipses; tempests, frosts, snowes; stormes and thunders.
And you that sad fates sadly doe report
In borrowed Latine from the Innes a court;
Let not great Princes; Statesmen, and whole Nations
Suffer this yeare by your Prognostications:
As if you could the fates of all men teach,
When your conjecture hath obtain'd the reach
Of probabilitie: for which your cares
May stand in time as fixt starres on the spheares
Of some round pillory. 'Twill teach you how
'Tis judgement to be silent, though you know.

3. *Alm.*

Why *Astra regunt homines.*

Time.

'Tis true:
Starres governe men; but *Time* shall governe you;
And regulate your studies: or he'le be
No longer ruler o're his *Pentarchie.*
You shall not stuffe your annuall bookes with rimes
Bought of the Ballad-mongers of the times;

In

In which (and that ſhewes little Poetrie)
He muſt enveigh 'gainſt Wine and venerie.
Preſcribe the fitteſt time for cutting cornes ;
And when the Pigges ſhould feare the gelders hornes.
Theſe are your labours ; and by ſuch as theſe
Each of you ſhewes himſelfe *Philomates*.
You likewiſe thinke 'tis grace your yeares workes are
Fixt on the backſide of ſome chalkie barre,
Where's your owne ſcore, perhaps for Ale or Beere
You will not pay 'till the *Platonick* yeare.

4. Alm.

Time Satyres me.

Time.

Indeed *Time* cannot lye :
You know his Motto : καίρος 'ϑ χρονίζει.
'Tis well that you can make the country Squire
For two pence yearely a Chronologer.
Tell him how long 'tis ſince the world began ;
And ſince the Conqueſt every Monarches raigne.
Then with this ſtore enabled hee's complete ;
Can welcome friends with talke as well as meate,
Before poore tenants have their rent to pay
The Landlord's skilfull in the quarter day :
Knowes every Termes returnes, and when he's ti'de
By a *Subpæna* on his mare to ride
To *London* ; where he onely learnes to boaſt
How much his journey, and his law-ſutes coſt.

2. Alm.

Time knowes that we are ſchollers.

Time.

So you are ;
And learn'd ones too : whoſe ſpeculations dare

Reach at ſublime things, when you cannot ſpye
What ſnakes of folly at your owne feet lye.

3. *Alm.*

What would *Time* have us then?

Time.

I'de have you be
Not vaine proſcribers of mens deſtinie;
But Regiſters of actions, ſuch as may
Challenge deſerv'dly a peculiar day
To every owner. You me thinkes ſhould ſhow
The executions done by th'Engliſh bow,
When black Prince *Eaward* bravely did advance
His Enſignes through the very heart of *France*.
I will have all the world obſerve this day,
So glorious by the birth of him, that may
Fill volumes with his acts, and challenge more
Then all the great *Heroes* went before.

4. *Alm.*

Such things as thoſe Hiſtorians ought to d~~o~~e ve,

Time.

Be nothing, or be you Hiſtorians too.
Practiſe a reformation, or (fond Elves)
Chang'd into Satyres you ſhall laſh your ſelves. *Exit.*

1. *Alm.*

Is the gray dotard gone?
Wee are then alone:
Good fellowes every one
Let's call my hoſteſſe *Joane*.

2. *Alm.*

2. *Alm.*

Well ſaid rithmer; thy halting verſes will hardly ſupport the fat cripple any longer that begs with them. Would wee had ſome Ale.

3. *Alm.*

Hang this *Time* that would alter our profeſſion, which is of equall antiquitie with him. Suppoſe wee have abilities; muſt we uſe them as he pleaſe? No: let us inſpire our ſelves with Ale, and compile an everlaſting *Ephimerides*.

1. *Alm.*

Where's the ſtock boy?
Doe not mock boy:
Leſt I knock boy
Your learn'd block boy:

3. *Alm.*

Haſt thou none left of thy ſixe yeares before hand? If the Stationers refuſe to truſt, our bookes ſhall never more credit the Company with rubricks in the title.

2. *Alm.*

Wee'le try all the houſes in the Zodiac; and if they will not truſt, wee'le pull downe the ſignes.

3. *Alm.*

Here is the ſigne of the Moone, the *rendevous* of our fraternitie. If the worſt comes to the worſt, wee'le pawne *Time* for the reckoning.

4. *Alm.*

By your favour we may more eaſily ſpend him.

Hoſteſſe enters.

3. *Alm.*

Here comes ſhee will fill us the comfortable liquor.

2. *Alm.*

By the dozen?

3. *Alm.*

By the ſcore boy. Wilt not Hoſteſſe?

Hoſt.

No indeed ſir. I'le hazard no more upon your next yeares *Almanack*. You ſay there's a man in the Moone drinkes Claret; keepe him company. The woman at the Moone will keepe her Ale for better cuſtomers.

3. *Alm.*

Shall wee have no Ale then?

Hoſteſſe.

Not a cockle-ſhell full without money before-hand.

3. *Alm.*

Here's two groats; fetch every man his pot, and before we drinke a health wee'le curſe thee.

Hoſt.

The Foxe will fare the better. *Exit.*

3. *Alm.*

3. *Alm.*

Maiſt thou have alwayes pennileſſe gueſts like us, 'till thou pawne thy petticoate to pay the Brewer, and thy glorious ſhelves ſhine not ſo much as with an earthen platter. In ſtead of Shoelane hangings may the walls of thy houſe be painted with chalke; and the figures of no more valew then cyphars. Mayſt thou weekly be ſubject to informers, and thy forfeited licence be put to the laſt uſe of waſt paper.

Hoſt. *Hoſt. enters with drinke, and exit preſently.*

Stop your mouth ſir.

3. *Alm.*

Haſt thou brought Ale? cry thee mercy. Here's a health to the Prince, whoſe Birth-day *Time* would have ſhould be the whole ſubject of an Almanack.

4. *Alm.*

Let him give the conceipt to a Poet; it may be worth a day to him.

They drinke, and are transformed into Satyres, hornes growing out of their heads.

3. *Alm.* *Time enters.*

Ha! hath *Circes* given us an inchanted cup; or are our wives turn'd City Witches? Theſe are fine jeſtes.

Time.

'Tis your owne idle humour makes you beaſts.

2. *Alm.*

2. *Alm.*

Forgive us *Time.*

Time.

Nay dance a Horne-pipe now.
That done perhaps I'le crop your well-growne brow.

They dance: at the end whereof their hornes fall away.

3. *Alm.*

Ha! we are men againe.

Time.

Hence: since you sleight all counsaile that is mine,
I'le employ others in my great designe.

Time *drives them forth.*

A Symphonie of Musicke with chirping of Birds, singing of Nightingales and Cuckoes. The Scæne changing into a pleasant Garden, Time *brings in* May, *attended by* Flora *and* Vertumnus, *who sing the following Song.*

The Song.

On, gently on; the skye is faire:
Arabian winds perfume the ayre,
As they the Easterne gardens sweepe,
Or Amber floating on the deepe.
Such sweets doe here the sense bewitch.
The Phenix *pile is not so rich.*

Chorus.

Chorus.

Here is a preſence, from whoſe eyes
An influence awes all deſtinies.
A Sunne that can with one bright ray
Make where it ſhines eternall May.

Sing, ſweetly ſing. The chirping birds
Have got new notes, and better words.
What Nature wants Art doth ſupply,
And makes it perfect harmony.
Such ſounds doe here enrich the eares,
Above the Muſick of the Spheares.

Chorus.

Here are preſented to the taſt
Ripe fruits and early, that will laſt.
For ſuch we baniſh Nectar hence,
Here's perfect May *in every ſence.*

Time.

Welcome to *Time* thou comfort of the earth,
That with thy warme dewe giv'ſt a lively birth
To all her glories, which cold winter late
Wrapt in his clowdes of ice: ſhe deſolate
Vngarniſht then, wore nothing on her head
But ſnow and barrenneſſe, nor was her bed
Cover'd with greene: then heavens cryſtall eye
Seldome peepe out of his bright canopie.
But now thou haſt unto the infant Spring
Given perfection; and thy bleſſings bring
The Summers hopes on. Thou *Times* Queene ſhalt be,
Whilſt *Flora* and *Vertumnus* waite on thee.

Thou own'st a glory yet transcends the best
Of these, as day light doth the the time of rest.
This day, that makes *Time* young, in hope to see
A thousand revolutions e're he be
Dissolv'd, to gaze on Trophies shall adorne
The Princes life, and acts was this day borne.
Goe my delight, exhaust the treasurie
Of all thy pleasures; to his gracious eye
Present the choyceſt.

May.

I have none that are
Worthy his high acceptance: they are farre
Inferiour to the things that should set forth
The fulnesse of his glory and his worth.
The pastimes which belong to me are rude,
Fitter for course ones, and the multitude.
Yet (so the error may be pardon'd) they
Shall enter to delight him as they may.

A Morisk Dance.

Time.

Hee's pleas'd with this. Greatnesse and goodnesse ayme
At such proportion in his Princely frame,
That every part of his, his heart, his eye,
Expresse them in a due equallitye.
I have another to present him, then
Wee'le yeeld to change.

May.

I'le never change whilst men
Keepe registers of *Time*. And though it be
Custome,

Caſtome, that they doe chiefly welcome me
At my firſt entrance, this ſhall be my day
As th'onely one that crownes the pride of *May*.
I'le weare no other flowres upon my head
But the Deluce; with Roſes, white and red;
And the ſtout Thiſtle: each of which implies
An Embleme full of ſacred Myſteries.
The Lillie and the Roſe are beauties flowres:
They deck; the Thiſtle ſhall defend his bowers.
The white and red Roſe thorneleſſe, ſignifie
A gentle rule: The Lillie, ſoveraigntie.
The Thiſtle ſtrength and power to quell his foes
That rudely dare attempt to gather thoſe.
Beſides, theſe ſeverall flowers doe appertaine
To Nations ſubject to his future raigne.
And this is all poore *May* can ſtraine her powers
To doe; to make her Garland of his flowers.
And cauſe men yearely on this day to ſee
His name preſerv'd unto poſteritie.
Time hath ſome rich thing to preſent.

Time.

I have
(As *Time* is powerful!) ſummond from the grave
Eight Princes all of *Wales*, whoſe hiſtories
Shall be inſtruction, and their memories
Preſent Heroick actions ſo t'his mind,
That though their fortunes were not alwayes kind,
Their vertues he ſhall ſtrictly imitate,
And make thoſe vertues awfull over Fate.
Vertumnus you, and *Flora* you be gone.
And if their ayrie formes are quite put on
Let them appeare; whilſt lovely *May* and I
Liſten to th'Birds and Natures harmonie.

ther Symphonie with like chirping, whilst the Scæne is varied into a glorious expression of Elizium: *in which appeare the eight Maskers, representing eight Princes of* Wales, *distinguisht by the severall impresses, and inscriptions on their Shields. Who whilst the following song is singing, approach the Presence, salute the Prince, then place themselves in a figure for the Dance.*

The Song.

From th' Earth where honour long hath slept,
And noblest dust (as treasure kept)
By hallowing clay hath made it shine
More glorious then an Indian mine,
These brave Heroick shadowes come
To sport in this Elizium.

Chorus.

For theirs and this doe both agree
In all but the Eternitie.

From th' ayre, or from the Spheares above
As they in perfect concord move,
Let Musick sound, and such as may
Equall his harpe that rules the day.
Thus doe we welcome you to night
Vnto our Mansion of delight.

Chorus.

For yours and this doe both agree
In all but the Eternitie.

The

A Presentation intended for the
The Dance ended they retire, whilst Time
speakes the Epilogue.

Time.

OLd *Time* leaves all his blessings that he may
Here with this presence; and will every day
Confirme possession. Sadly sets the Sunne
After his dayes course cheerefully was runne.
The Moone lookes pale; the Tapers dimnly burne:
The feare of your departure makes them mourne.
Sweet rest attend ye all: Good night 'tis late,
Many birth-dayes may you thus celebrate.

Time *being received into the Scene*
it closeth.

The End.